

No. 22 June 18, 1966
EVERY WEDNESDAY

7^d



PINCHING FROM THE PAST

The mods, as they are called, think they wear modern clothes. They really wear things that were the fashion several hundred years ago. Didn't Victorian women wear high-waisted dresses, and didn't the Georgian gentlemen wear neck-length hair?

Janet Barnett,
Chesterfield.

I don't really think mods pretend otherwise! Very few fashions are really new, just variations on an old theme!

DOGGIES

After I had read FAB Club one week, I decided to make the dog biscuit recipe that was there. I made them ever so carefully and waited for them to bake. Then I took them out of the oven and left them to cool. I went round to my friend's house, and when I came back there wasn't a dog biscuit to be seen. I

asked my little cousin whether he had seen them. He hadn't realised they were for the dog and had eaten them all himself!



Carolyn Spencer,
London, N.12.

COLD COMFORT

Opposite our house is a dentist's, and a man who works there is a friend of The Beatles. One day George Harrison came to see his friend and I ran out and

got his autograph. About a week later John Lennon, my favourite Beatle, came to the dentist at about 8.30 in the evening. I ran out of the house in my nightgown and got his autograph. Because of that, I caught a bad cold and my mother said I must never run into the street in my nightgown again.

Fiona Tait,
London.

Not even for Ringo and Paul?

BARE BEAR

A few weeks ago, a girl wrote to you saying that she had a teddy bear 26 years old. I have one which is 100 years old. It's very furry on its tummy, but everywhere else it is rather bare. One of my Uncles had it to start with, then it went on through the family till it came to me. I hope it will go on through the family for another 100 years.

Lesley Foote,
Leicester.

I've had many letters from readers saying how old their teddy bears are, but no-one has beaten 100 yet!

YOUR POST, M'LADY

HELLO, Lady Penelope here welcoming you to another issue of your comic. I'm glad to see that a lot of you are writing in to me, expressing your opinions on all sorts of subjects. I like to know how you feel about things, funny incidents that have happened to you, what interests you. Don't forget that if your letter is printed on this page you win ten shillings—but please write your name and address clearly on your letter. When you write, just jot down your six favourite features in order of preference—and also, the feature you like least of all. This gives me an indication of which feature is the most popular in the comic. At the moment you seem to like my own adventures the best, with The Man From U.N.C.L.E. a close second and Parker third! I wonder if it will change this week?

Penelope C.W.

ROTTING STATUES

One evening I went with my parents to Crystal Palace. We were walking around when we got talking to a lady park keeper. She told us that all the statues that used to stand in the grounds of the palace were in a shed, just rotting. She took us to see them—it was getting dark, and we had to use a torch to look at them. They were lovely statues of old

gods. Some of them were broken but I'm sure if they were cleaned up they would look lovely. I wonder why they were just left?

Linda Payne,
London, S.E.15.

There must be hundreds of statues all over the country, hidden in outhouses and in museum cellars, that never see the light of day. It does seem a shame that no-one will save them.



CUTTING REMARKS

When I have collected a number of newspapers I go through them and find all the misprints. Here is one out of a Bristol newspaper—"We must put human beings before racing pigeons!" Then there's this one from a report in an American paper—"The crowd, estimated by the police as 3,500, was by far the biggest and noisier he had ever addressed!" I keep all the cuttings in a tin box, and take them out and read them when I'm fed up.

Paula Anthony,
Borrowash.

I hope this isn't the reason you buy LADY PENELOPE every week! My favourite printer's error appeared in a local paper underneath a photograph of a little old man celebrating his birthday. It read "Comgrandaridary to Mr. Mason on his hundredth bithen."

SWEET-TOOTHED PROWLER

Write to: LADY PENELOPE,
Ashtree Court,
18-19, Whitfriars Street,
LONDON, E.C.4, (Comp.).
Please enclose a ready
stamped, addressed en-
velope if you'd like a
postal reply from
Lady Penelope.

I USED to live in Canada and during the summer holidays my family and I used to go to stay at one of the national nature parks where there are many wild animals. One night we went to bed not realising that we had left a big bag of sweets and a pile of paper napkins outside. In the morning when we went out, we found napkins everywhere and the bag of sweets had been ripped open, and all the sweets had disappeared except one. Under the

picnic-table I found one of the napkins with a huge footprint of a bear on it. I soon realised that a bear with a sweet tooth must have visited our camp in the night!

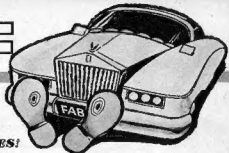
Susan Englebright,
Little Bookham.

Most bears are sweet-toothed, like Winnie the Pooh (above), who seems to be asking his friend Rabbit for "a little larger small helping of honey!" in the Walt Disney film, Winnie the Pooh and The Honey Tree.



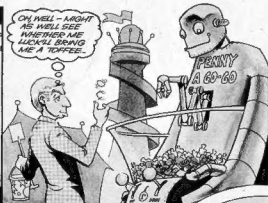
PERILS OF PARKER

CLUNSY ... ARTFUL ... AND SAFE AS HOUSES!



JAMES PART
IN WESTERN ROAD

What with all the good weather, I've decided I'd take me day off down at the coast... to get away from it all...





Two ranchers and five thoroughbred horses have mysteriously died. Illya is interested in the ranch of Tom Mangold, a rich Mescalero Indian. Whilst Napoleon crashes through the front gates, Illya tries to enter from the rear—and gets caught...







This is the final instalment of File No. 92946—the exciting story from Lady Penelope's Top Secret dossiers...

News-hunting for their own 'newspaper' — The Brandon Estate Chronicle — Patsy and Wilf Taylor uncover a sinister plot on the part of Harbin, a local market gardener, and his friend Professor Krebner. The men have developed an amazing virus that makes plants grow so quickly they are giants in seconds. They plan to cultivate Venus Fly Traps—insect eaters—into man-eaters, and now Patsy and Wilf, snooping round Krebner's laboratory, have been caught...

PROFESSOR KREBNER forced Patsy's arms up behind her back. It was impossible for her to move. Harbin, his face a mask of anger, had done the same with Wilf.

"They must have heard everything we said!" snarled the fat little man in the loud check suit. "All our plans, Krebner!"

Krebner seemed unmoved. "So they heard? Come, Harbin... let us take them through to the work room. Then they can see for themselves—

STOP PRESS!

at close range, while we discuss their fate."

The two Taylors were hustled towards the huge, steel-enclosed box in the centre of the laboratory, to the four-inch glass panel through which they could see for themselves the deadly plants Krebner had enlarged to more than five times their normal size. The big, spine-edged leaves, open and inviting, were ready to snap shut on any prey unwary enough to come near.

"Look well, my young friends," Krebner's voice was deceptively pleasant. "Ten minutes ago, those plants were small... and their

appetites likewise. They would have caught flies... bees, perhaps. Now they are large enough to take..." he considered for a moment..."shall we say, sheep?"

Now he deftly switched his grip to hold Patsy with one huge fist, and reached out for a coil of electric flex hanging on the wall. "You must be secured so that you will not escape," he leered. "Then Harbin and I will continue the experiment. Within a few hours or so, we will have increased my green pets to twice their size again. They will be very hungry."

Patsy licked her lips. She looked round wildly and caught Harbin's eye. The man's face was loaded with perspiration, and dead white. He avoided her glance and spoke. His voice was shaking.

"Krebner... you can't—you can't mean... hang it man, they're kids!" Krebner laughed harshly. "Why, Harbin, my friend, I do believe you are showing signs of weakness. Must I remind you that our plan is to force the governments of the world to pay us money? Must I remind you that if they refuse, treated seeds of these



STOP PRESS!

beauties will be scattered over their farm-lands? Acres and acres of vicious, man-trapping plants, Harbin . . . and yet you worry about two patry beings? Pahl!

The scientist lashed Patsy's hands painfully behind her back. He did the same with Wilf. Then he thrust them to a small door at one side of the laboratory. "The wash-room," he said. "I fear it will be uncomfortable. But remember . . . you won't have long to wait!"

Solid steel slammed closed behind Patsy and Wilf, and they heard the grating noise as a key turned in the lock . . .

IN the offices of *The Borough News*, the young reporter, Ted Banks sat on the edge of his desk with his hat on the back of his head. He'd done his morning's work . . . taking notes at the local magistrate's court, and he'd written his piece for the next day's edition.

The Chief Reporter glanced up at him from his typewriter. "Penny for 'em, Ted. Something on your mind?"

Ted grinned, and waved a hand aside. "It's just those two Taylor youngsters," he laughed. "You remember? Well, they came in this morning, trying to pull my leg with those cock-and-bull story about giant plants. I was just thinking, maybe I was a bit harsh with 'em."

"Aye, they're a rare pair, those two," agreed the Chief Reporter. "If you feel bad about it, why don't you nip up to their estate and see 'em? You've got nothing else to do, have you?"

Ted Banks straightened his hat and twisted his car keys round his forefinger. "I'll do that, Sam. See you later."

Ten minutes later, he was talking to Mrs. Taylor at the front door of the flat.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Banks, but they went charging off on their bikes. I don't expect these back before teatime. By the way, I've got a cuppa on at the moment." Patsy's mother stood aside, "Would you like to come in and have one?"

"Your two offsprings are really keen on their Chronicle," smiled Ted over her tea. "They brought their first edition down to town. I've got a cuppa on at the moment."

Mrs. Taylor nodded. "They've done a second issue, and started a third. I think. Would you like to see them?" She went to Patsy's bedroom and came back with the sheets of paper from the exercise book.

Ted spread them out in front of him and began to read. At first, his face wore its same broad smile. But then, as he got into the gist of what

Patsy had written down, his eyes narrowed, and he began to rub his jaw. "Have you seen this, Mrs. Taylor?"

The young reporter jabbed his finger at the headline on the second edition . . . "What is the mystery of the Giant Marrows?" Mrs. Taylor shook her head. "Patsy's written," said Ted, "about what seems to be a very closely guarded secret at Harbin's. Then she's gone on to quote a conversation between Harbin himself and . . . what's this name? Some Professor or lecturer, I think it is."

"Probably some nonsense she dreamed up, just to fill her pages," laughed Mrs. Taylor. "She's got a right imagination, has our Patsy. And Wilf isn't much better."

Ted Banks finished his tea, thanked Patsy's mother, and left. But he walked down the road from Brandon Estate very slowly. He'd met Patsy and Wilf, and they were interested in news . . . real news. They might have invented a giant plants story to pull his leg, but they wouldn't have taken the trouble to write it all down in their Chronicle. "Professor Krebner . . . it might just be worth checking up," said the reporter to himself, as he climbed back into his car . . .

PATSY's wrists were raw. They might even have been bleeding, but Patsy didn't care. Her struggling had been worth it, for the flex had stretched just that important little bit. "I think—I think I'm going to get my hands free," she whispered to Wilf. Her brother sat like a statue carved out of stone, his face white and tense. His mind was full of the horrors of huge, man-eating plants.

Now Patsy gave a final squeezing tug, and her right hand came agonisingly free! The flex dropped to the floor behind her. Her wrists were bleeding.

In moments, her numbed fingers had fumbled undone the knots on the wire that bound Wilf's wrists, and the pair of them leaned against the wall and looked at each other with anxious faces. There was a window in the washroom, but it was barred . . . on the far side of the glass.

"There's only one escape, Wilf, and that's through the door we came in," said Patsy. "It's locked. We've got to wait until Krebner comes back, and make a rush." She looked round wildly for something that might serve as a weapon. There was nothing. Then she stooped and picked up the lengths of flex. "Supposing we knot these together?" she said. "The door opens outwards, so if you stand one side of it and I stand the other, each with one end of the flex, we could dash out at the right moment and whip it taut. It might trip up Krebner and give us that much more of a chance."

The two of them stood there

STOP PRESS!

immobile, waiting and listening . . . but all they could hear was the shudding of their own hearts. And then, at last, footfalls, and the key grinding in the lock! The door swung soundlessly open . . .

"Now!" Patsy yelled at the top of her lungs and she and Wilf dived through together, left and right, the flex snapping straight and catching the unsuspecting scientist clean across the shin!

A wild yell . . . flailing arms . . . the man was down, his head caressing from the side of the doorway with a sickening thud! And then Harbin, caught completely off guard and cowering stupidly from one leg to the other in his ridiculous check suit, his mouth open.

"No you don't, no you don't!" More by luck than judgement, he blocked Patsy's path and caught her round the side of the head with one hand. She fell back against the huge steel box, and caught a quick glimpse of terrifyingly enormous foliage through the glass screen.

Wilf kicked hard at Harbin's shins, and the man pranced away, screaming.

Then a sound behind them, and shakily, Krebner was clambering to his feet, rubbing his head. He lurched towards them . . .

Patsy's hands were on the main door handle when Krebner launched himself in a flying dive and carried her away in a tangle of arms and legs to land with a shattering crash against the far wall. She struggled to rise, but Harbin had Wilf now, and her brother's body came hurtling across to slam into her and send her spinning again. And Krebner was on his feet with a large metal bar in his fists. He swung it high . . .

"DROP that, or you're a dead man." The voice was quiet, but commanding. Krebner froze, and Patsy's eyes swivelled round towards the door.

It had opened, and she saw two people standing there . . . an elegant, blonde young woman with a small but business-like gun held in her right hand, and Ted Banks. It was the woman who had spoken.

"Name . . . Lady Penelope Crichton-Ward," she said evenly. "Thanks to information from my reporter friend here, I seem to have arrived in what you might call the nick of time."

Lady Penelope gestured with her left hand towards the flex that lay on the opposite side of the laboratory. "Patsy . . . Ted told me your name . . . will you be a dear and tie our two friends up. Then I can put this irritating gun away. It feels rather

unladylike, you know."

Wide eyed, Patsy said as Lady Penelope asked her. Krebner and Harbin looked sullenly at the floor and Harbin was muttering something about "I told you we shouldn't have tried anything with the kids . . ."

"Harbin didn't want Krebner to kill us," volunteered Patsy generously . . .

"Don't worry, Patsy," said Lady Penelope. "They'll get nothing worse than long prison sentences. As a matter of fact, the Secret Service has had Krebner on its files for some time. It's thanks to you we've been able to track him down."

"What about the plants?" asked Patsy, giving a shuddering glance over her shoulder as Krebner and Harbin were hustled from the room by Ted Banks.

Lady Penelope smiled. "There is always a weak spot in the wonderful schemes madmen like Krebner dream up," she said. "It would seem that he's never heard of weed-killer. Virus boosted, of course," she added, smiling.

The last Patsy and Wilf saw of Krebner and Harbin, they were being driven off to their well-deserved fate in the back of Lady Penelope's pink Rolls-Royce. Ted Banks held the door of his Mini open for the two young Taylors and waved them inside. "Next stop, *The Borough News* office," he chuckled. "We're hoping you'll share your scoop with us. The full story, mind." He tapped his breast pocket. "There's big money in it . . . you can take your Mum to the Continent and pick up some, or, foreign news for your paper while you're at it."

Patsy said: "That sounds nice," but Ted hadn't finished. "There's one condition," he said. "You mustn't go off until you see tomorrow's edition of *The Borough News* . . ."

NEXT morning in the Taylors' flat, Mum appeared at breakfast with surprise written all over her face. She'd already heard the whole story of Patsy's and Wilf's adventures, so it wasn't that.

"This'll curl your cornflakes," she said to Patsy. "Have a look at today's *Borough News*."

Patsy and Wilf crowded together and looked at the front page. It looked different. It wasn't just the story, the pictures of themselves, the photograph of their own newspaper's front page. It was the actual title of the paper itself. It said: "The *Borough News* . . . today incorporating *The Brandon Estate Chronicle*."

Patsy looked at Wilf and beamed her broadest smile. "Wilf," she said. "We've made it!"

The end

NEXT WEEK: A new, complete story from Lady Penelope's secret files!

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PAINTING COMPETITION WINNERS!

There was a very large entry for the Colouring Competition in issue 15 of **LADY PENELOPE**, and the judges found it difficult to choose the winners because the standard was so high.

The first ten winners, who each receive a gorgeous PRETTYMADE dress, are:

Jill Buckle, Leeds; Margaret Jacquier, Ashstead; Margaret Jessop, Leicester; Beverley Cline, Bedford; Wendy Jones, Birmingham 30; Valerie Self, Foulness Island; Linda Perry, Chatham; Jayne Hemstock, Walsall; Deborah Haslam, Bristol; Susan Worsley, Southport.

There are also 25 runner-up winners, who each receive a Thunderbirds 3-D Painting Set. They are:

Nicola Carlini, Worthing; Caroline Elvidge, Canterbury; Helen Morgan, Blencarn; Sandra Thomas, Llanelli; Audrey Bainforth, Oldham; Catherine Gill, Tredington; Rita Turbett, Omagh; Stephanie Fellows, Ilford; Diane Coombes, Wakefield; Christine Buttigieg, London; Sue Hughes, London; Rosemary Robertson, Carnwath; Lynda Shaw, Congleton; Julie Harris, Gillingham; Linda Vale, Stourbridge; Gillian Scopes, New Eltham; Eleanor Collins, Kilkeel; Joyce Osborne, Oswestry; Jean Davison, Dumbarton; Elizabeth Roberts, Swansea; Janette Hemmings, Bath; Christine Abbey, Chesterfield; Sally Weeks, Hitchin; Deborah Broadbent, Oldham; Devon Marsden, London.

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LADY PENELOPE DRESSING TABLE SET & JEWELLERY SET



"The Dressing Table Set brings out my elegance...& the Jewellery my charm & deadly danger!"

Lady Penelope dressing table set, all monogrammed with Lady Penelope's own initial. The set includes an elegant hand mirror, hair brush and comb and a gorgeous powder bowl decorated with an imitation orchid. The set comes in its own beautiful display box.



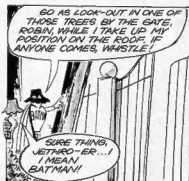
Charming Lady Penelope jewellery set, containing a pearl necklace, bracelet, hair band and a ring which can be adjusted to fit any finger. The whole set is in 'Penelope pink'

J. ROSENTHAL (TOYS) LTD. LONDON COLISEUM - ST. MARTINS LANE - LONDON - W.C.2

LIMITED SUPPLY IN SHOPS NOW!

Their ways are outmoded—but boy, are they loaded!

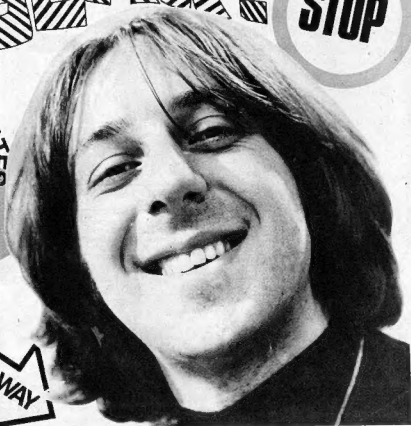
The Beverly Hillbillies



LADY PENELOPE INVESTIGATES

GEAR!

STOP



BARRY FANTONI

Barry Fantoni with his portrait of co-compere Wendy Varnall. (The portrait is in the middle!)



AN enormous nose peered round the door, quickly followed by a sculptured mop of mousey hair.

"Ah, Mr. Fontani," I said.

"Fantoni," he corrected, his gingerbread coloured eyes glazed. Barry Fantoni, the oldest teenager on television, compères the magazine programme *A Whole Scene Going on* on B.B.C. 1. The programme deals with anything pop and young, pop people, pop art, pop music, pop fashion, pop everything.

"Pop is so brief, here today—gone tomorrow," he said, digging his hands deep into the pockets of his denim suit. "That's why I like it, always a change, always something new."

The programme is getting better, though at first it was just a jumble of insignificant activity.

"Yeah, well—we're learning," he said, "we try to be human. Most people, as soon as they get on the screen, go like robots, especially the news-readers!"

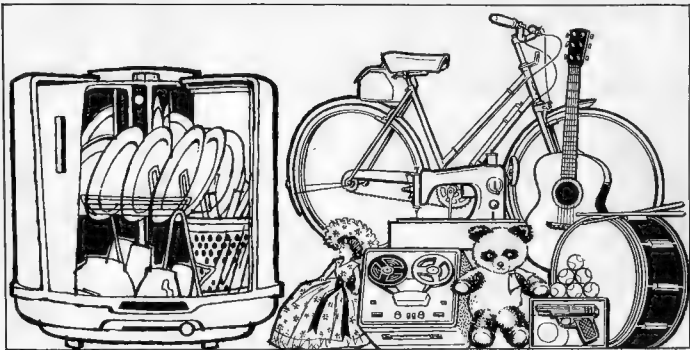
He finds it frustrating not to be in full command of the programme. "Sometimes I'll shout to the cameramen, 'Come in with a close-up of me nose, me nose, mate!'—but they don't take any notice."

Brought up in Bermondsey, a tough area of London, Barry's childhood wasn't memorably happy.

"The other kids at school thought I was strange, so I didn't have any friends." He found the only way to get popular was to be good at sport, cricket and football. "Didn't make much difference, though," he said wistfully.

Barry Fantoni is the sort of person who inspires extreme views in people—they either like or loathe him. "As long as they feel something, that's good," he said, laughing. "I've heard people say on the bus—ooh, isn't he horrible, worse than on the telly!"

It was time to go, and it was pouring with rain. He waited for a taxi whilst rows of buses flickered past. "No thanks," he said, "I'm not getting a bus—I might get recognised!"



Win this for your Mum and choose prizes of your own

15 or under? Then win any of 1,030 prizes in OUTSPAN's "Orange Tree" Contest.

30 1st prizes: Plus an Electrolux Dishmaid Dishwasher for each Mum! As a winner, anything in the OUTSPAN catalogue is yours. Super prizes (up to £25 in value) e.g. a bicycle, typewriter, camping equipment or even a boat. You choose whatever you'd like to have most.

250 2nd prizes: Like a painting set, air rifle, doll's house or a drum? Anything up to the value of £5—there are simply dozens of prizes to choose from.

750 consolation prizes: So almost everyone was something. Each a £1 Premium Bond which gives you the chance of "collecting" £25,000. Can you imagine?

Here's how to win: It's easy and it's fun. You see all OUTSPAN oranges are very special ones, but growing on this OUTSPAN tree are some extra-special oranges with letters on them

Pick just eight to complete the eight words in the panel beside the tree. One letter is missing from each word.

Just read each clue, then pick from the tree one letter that will make a word which you think gives the best answer to the clue.

For example you may decide to pick the letter K to make CAKE your answer to the first clue. If you do, print the letter K *only* alongside the first word in the "1st Try" column of your entry form. Then pick seven more letters from the tree to make the best answers to the other seven clues and print them in the same column on the form. All entries must be made in BALLPOINT.

Cross off the letters on the tree as you use them—because no letter given can be used more than once!

When you've completed the "1st Try" column, you can if you wish, make extra attempts in the other "Try" columns. If you enter six col-

umns, you can have a FREE extra try in the seventh column.

How to enter: Ask your Mother to buy OUTSPAN oranges or grapefruit. You can enter this competition as soon as you have enough pieces of peel on which the word OUTSPAN has been printed.

Send one piece of peel (it must have OUTSPAN on it) for each "Try" column you enter. For six entries send six pieces of peel.

Note: Pieces of peel must be cut out neatly and wrapped in paper before being enclosed with your entry form!

How to send in your entry form: When you have filled in as many "Try" columns as you wish to enter, there is one more thing to do. Finish off in your best writing or printing the sentence which begins: AN OUTSPAN ORANGE IS SO GOOD TO EAT BECAUSE

You are allowed to add up to 10 words of your own.

RULES

1. Contest open to all children of 15 and under (by closing date) who live in U.K. except children of employees of OUTSPAN, their advertising agents, or anyone directly connected with the contest.

2. The thirty 1st prizes will be awarded to the thirty competitors, who, in the Judges' opinion, have submitted the best and most accurate answers to the eight clues. Other prizes, in order of merit, to attempts judged next-best.

3. In the event of ties, judges will award prizes to the competitors who best finish the sentence on the entry form, age and general neatness being fully considered.

4. Judges' decision final and legally binding. No correspondence allowed.

5. Closing date is 21st September, 1966. All winners will be notified by post not later than 21st October, 1966.

6. The address for entries is: OUTSPAN "ORANGE TREE" CONTEST, 18-20 St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.)

Note: For full rules or extra entry forms for this contest, apply by post to the competition address given in Rule 6. Mark the envelope "Entry Form" and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

ENTRY FORM FOR OUTSPAN "ORANGE TREE" CONTEST

Print eight letters only in each "Try" column you enter
Use ballpoint only on this Entry Form

COMPLETE THE WORDS BELOW

This would make you think of something to eat.

CA?E

Boys and girls know it's ever so easy to — water

SP?LL

A boy can't likely to worry a lot if he — an old pair of jeans at play

?EARS

A little — in class may make teacher rather cross.

?EST

Lucky children who have a — can have lots of fun

PON?

The neater you are, the better you will —

P?INT

One of the attractions at many seaside resorts.

?ANDS

Clever boys or girls might be able to take a good picture with a camera

?AKE

1st Try 2nd Try 3rd Try 4th Try 5th Try 6th Try 7th Try

THIS ENTRY IS ALL MY OWN WORK
Neatly finish off this sentence with not more than 10 words of your own
AN OUTSPAN ORANGE IS SO GOOD TO EAT BECAUSE

Please give details below in very neat BLOCK LETTERS

CHRISTIAN NAME SURNAME
MY AGE IS YEARS MONTHS
ADDRESS
TOWN COUNTY
BETTERER'S NAME
BETTERER'S ADDRESS

*The Betterer is the shop where you bought your OUTSPAN



Space Family Robinson



With Tim and June awaiting their return, Craig and Tam make a last attempt to save their damaged space station from colliding with a nearby sun. Craig badly burns his hand, leaving Tam to do the repairs alone.

TAM, YOU GET THAT SOLARIUM ORE AND BEGIN PREPARING THE RODS WHILE I BANDAGE UP MY HAND.

TAM'S FINGERS FUMBLE WITH THE DELICATE ROD... AND DROP IT!

GOT IT.

BORRY, DAD!

TAM GETS TO WORK IN THE OVEN-LIKE ATMOSPHERE OF THE STATION'S LABORATORY.

CRAIG GIVES INSTRUCTIONS AS TAM BEGINS THE DELICATE JOB OF SLOTTING IN THE NEW RODS.

HOW'S IT GOING, TAM?

IT'S SO HOT! THE TEMPERATURE MUST BE FANTASTIC!

CAREFUL, TAM! DON'T DROP THAT ROD. THERE ISN'T TIME TO MAKE ANOTHER.

THESE GAUNTLETS DON'T HELP—AND THIS SOCKET IS A BIT STIFF.

THE DRIFT TOWARD THE SUN HAS STOPPED. WE'RE MAKING SLIGHT PROGRESS...

IF THE RODS STAND UP TO THE TEMPERATURE, I THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT, DAD.

WELL DONE, TAM! YOU SAVED THE STATION FOR US. NOW ALTER COURSE FOR GONDA. LET'S GET BACK TO MOTHER AND TIM.

WITH THE NEW FUEL RODS IN POSITION, TAM AND CRAIG PREPARE FOR THEIR DUEL WITH DISASTER...

THIS IS IT, TAM. LET'S SEE IF IT WORKS!

ALL CIRCUITS POSITIVE.

SOON TAM AND CRAIG ARE WELCOMING THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THEIR FAMILY AND DR. ZEK...

CONGRATULATIONS, CRAIG, YOU SUCCEEDED AND SO DID WE. YOUR SON HAS FULLY RECOVERED!

YES! I AM FINE, THANKS TO YOU, DOCTOR!

NOW CAN WE EVER PAY YOU, DR. ZEK?

BEFORE LONG THE STRANGE METEORITE-BOMBARDED PLANET IS IN SIGHT...

OPERATE THE ANTI-METEORITE SHIELD, TAM.

DAD, LOOK—A SPACE SHIP HAS JUST LEFT GONDA. IT MUST BE OUR OTHER SPACEMOBILE.

THE ROBINSONS SHOW THE GONDA LEADER OVER THEIR VAST SPACE HOME...

THIS ANTI-METEORITE DEVICE IS FASCINATING... PERHAPS WE COULD USE THE SAME PRINCIPLE TO PROTECT OUR PLANET.

THEN YOU COULD LIVE ON THE SURFACE AGAIN!

I MUST RETURN TO GONDA, AND KNOW YOU WANT TO BEGIN THE SEARCH FOR YOUR OWN PLANET ONCE MORE...

I WILL GET THE SPACEMOBILE READY.

GOODBYE, DOCTOR, AND THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING!

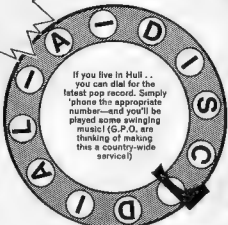


FAB CLUB ON THE LINE!

Lady Penelope calling.
You're through to FAB
Club on the Hot Line.
(Scrambler's switched to
GO, of course, so we're safe from
Berezniak spies!) There are so many
interesting and little-known
facts about telephones,
FAB Club thought you'd like
to hear some of them!

if you are learning French...

... and are a clear speaker,
you may be interested in a
career in the Continental
Telephone Exchange. And even
if your French isn't quite
up to scratch, the G.P.O.
will give you free tuition
during working hours!



Did you know that you can dial for... the cricket test match score... a seasonal recipe for every day of the year... a 'what's on' guide for tourists in London and Edinburgh in four different languages... and the weather forecast! (Useful if you are planning a picnic!) Check the Information Column near the front of your local directory for these numbers

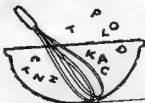
JUST A TELEPHONE...

... television, electric shaver, cocktail bar, hair-dryer, shower, computer (the list goes on, and on, but you've probably got the idea)! This FABulous telephone—with push-button dialling—has been designed by Gerry Anderson, mastermind and creator of the television 'THUNDERBIRDS' series. Here, top-flight secretary, Janet, demonstrates just a few of the 'phone's uses!



MINCE YOUR WORDS...

... with a 'scrambler' telephone device. This attachment is used by Lady Penelope, the Stock Exchange, the Home Office and the Ministry of Defence—in fact, wherever secrecy is essential! Called a Secophone, the ingenious device mixes up your words so that enemy agents who may be 'tapping' your line cannot understand a word you are saying! Your conversation can only be deciphered on a telephone fitted with a complementary 'translating' device. A single, two-way system costs £150!



FAB FACES



Dorothy Williams,
Liverpool.



Ann Castle,
Easleigh.



Carmel McHugh,
St. Albans.



Marilyn Griffiths,
Swansea.



- ... the Battle of the Bulge?
- ... the latest in groovy parties?
- ... Dr. Who's time machine?

No! Just seventeen students
cramming into a telephone
booth for a rag day stunt
to raise cash for charities!

FAB CLUB

**FAB
CLUB**

SWIM SUITS TO TURN HEADS...

FAB Club is really plunging in at the deep end with a couple of the prettiest ever swim suits! Both are made by TWEKA. For small-sized water babes like Annette, FAB Club goes for Tweka's 'Bouti' style stretch-knelling bikinis. The pants are plain, the top is striped and the suit comes in pale blue/white, deep blue/white or red/white. Costs from approximately \$39.

Looks cute!

For taller girls like Kathleen, FAB Club has chosen Tweka's nautical-striped suit, 'Gabi'. It comes in navy with a V neck trimmed with red and white collar and a most little bow. Costs from approximately \$45.

Stockists for both these Tweka styles include Kinch & Lark, Guildford, Sharps Ltd., Venmor, O.W. R. S. Locke, Babycare West End, Redruth, Cornwall, and Schofields, Leiden. 'Gabi' is also stocked at Dickins and Jones, London and Edgware.

NOTE: The swim suit sizes are graded according to dress lengths, so state your dress length on the competition entry coupon (right).

SPLASH HAPPY!

SAVE PARKER!

10 SWIM SUITS AND CAPS AS REWARDS!

PARKER had an amazing dream the other night. He was washed up on a desert island. But he wasn't there alone. There was a crazy selection of articles washed up with him—none of them much use, though. True, he could use the fishing rod . . . and maybe keep the sun off with the umbrella . . . and float consider the situation any more, he could consider the prizes of TWEKA swim suits and KLEINERT'S swim caps, you just have to picture yourself on a desert island, too. Study the following list of articles, and then pick out the FIVE which you consider would be most useful to a castaway on a desert island. The items are:

Candles, watch, fishing-line; bucket, pocket magnifying glass; tin opener; penknife, matches, bicycle; armchair; bathing; hatchet

When you have decided which would be the five most useful, remembering that the castaway could take nothing else with him other than the five items you select, write them on the entry coupon below. Then decide which item from the list of twelve above is the least useful, and complete the sentence "The least useful item from the list is . . . because . . ." in not more than ten words. Finally, fill in your full name, address and age and state of the ten winners this length in case you are one of the ten winners this week. Post your entry to the address on the right of the coupon. CLOSING DATE: Tuesday, June 21, 1966.

There are TEN super swim suits to be won this week—and ten stunning and teen stunning swim caps to go with them! These caps are from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's, from Kleiner's. They are made in Italy, from the finest materials, and they are specially soft, flexible rubber, which won't rug or drag at your heels, and they all have the famous Save-A-Wave inner rim to keep hair dry. They are on sale at leading department stores and chemists throughout the country.

STUNNING SWIM CAPS!



RULES

All entries will be examined and age, neatness and sentence completion will also be taken into consideration. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the competition. Winners will be notified by post within three weeks after closing date. Winners' names will be printed in LADY PENELOPE as soon as possible.

DO NOT INCLUDE ANY OTHER CORRESPONDENCE, QUERIES, PHOTOS, OR OTHER APPLICATIONS WITH YOUR ENTRY COUPON. ENTRANTS WHO DO SO WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.

The rules for this competition are the same as those printed in issue 20 of LADY PENELOPE, week ending June 4, on page 8. A full list of the rules is available on application if a ready stamped, self-addressed envelope is sent to the address ON PAGE 2.

CASTAWAY COMPETITION

Name Age
Address

The five most useful items from the list are:
1 2 3
4 5

The LEAST useful item from the list is
because (limit 10 words)
My usual dress length is

POST TO:
CASTAWAY COMPETITION,
LADY PENELOPE, LONDON, W.C.99
ST. HIGH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.99



There's always magic in the air when the enchanting Samantha is around!







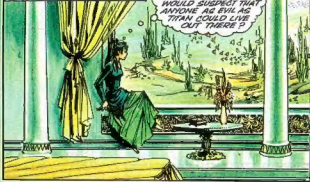
Marina

GIRL OF THE SEA

PACIFICA HAS BEEN REBUILT, BUT TITAN HAS LEARNED OF THE RETURN OF APHONY...

THE OCEAN LOOKS SO PEACEFUL... WHO WOULD SUSPECT THAT ANYONE AS EVIL AS TITAN COULD LIVE OUT THERE?

SUDDENLY, THE DREADED SIGHT THAT MARINA HAS AWAITED APPEARS...



FRANTICALLY, MARINA HURRIES TO APHONY...

FATHER, I THINK WE'RE GOING TO BE ATTACKED!

CALM DOWN, MY CHILD!

THEN BARININ, THE FIRST MINISTER, ENTERS...

GREAT DEAR LEADER, THE EVIL TITAN IS HERE... HE REQUESTS AN AUDIENCE WITH YOU!

BRING HIM IN, BARININ!

BE CAREFUL, FATHER... IT COULD BE A TRAP!



I JUST KNOW SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN!

HUSH, MY CHILD. HE IS COMING. DO NOT SHOW YOUR FEAR!



O MIGHTY EMPEROR, THE WAR LORD TITAN!

MIGHTY EMPEROR! AHAH! I THOUGHT I HAD SETTLED THAT QUESTION WHEN I DESTROYED THE OLD FIGHTER!



PLEASE STATE YOUR BUSINESS, TITAN!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR SPEECHES TO THE OTHER UNSEAS. RAGES HAVE MET WITH SOME SUCCESS...

NOT THAT THEY STAND MUCH CHANCE AGAINST MY MIGHTY POWER!

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF WORDS!



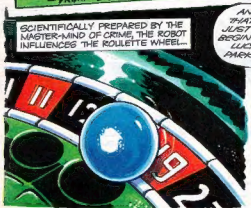
I DO NOT, APHONY... BUT YOU HAVE MADE YOUR LAST SPEECH!



On the trail of her old enemy, Mr. Steelman, Lady Penelope goes to the casino at Monte Carlo. She is convinced that the arch villain is about to attempt his biggest crime...



HER LADYSHIP FEELS THE THRILL OF EXCITEMENT...



SCIENTIFICALLY PREPARED BY THE MASTER-MIND OF CRIME, THE ROBOT INFLUENCES THE ROULETTE WHEEL...



SHE IS IDENTICAL WITH THE GIRL WHO TRIED TO KILL ME. SHE MUST BE ANOTHER OF STEELMAN'S ROBOTS!



AND THAT IS JUST NOT RECOGNIZABLE! LOOK, PARKER!

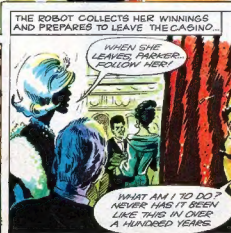
YOU MEAN THE TABLE'S BEEN FIXED, MYLADY?

SERIOUSLY, PARKER. MR. STEELMAN IS A GENIUS WITH MACHINES. HE IS CONTROLLING THE WHEEL MATCH.



ON THE BALCONY, MR. STEELMAN SNEAKS WITH SATISFACTION AND PREPARES A FURTHER CONTROL.

IT HAS BEEN A VERY PROFITABLE EVENING, BUT THERE IS NO POINT IN STAYING TO WIELD WITH THE PROPRIETOR.



THE ROBOT COLLECTS HER WINNINGS AND PREPARES TO LEAVE THE CASINO.

WHEN SHE LEAVES, PARKER, FOLLOW ME!

WHAT AM I TO DO? NEVER HAS IT BEEN LIKE THIS IN OVER A HUNDRED YEARS.



YES, MYLADY. AND MAY I SUGGEST YOU PLAY NUMBER TWENTY-TWO?

THE GIRL APPEARS COMPLETELY HUMAN. ONLY THREE PEOPLE IN THE CASINO KNOW WHAT SHE REALLY IS!

I CAN'T SEE ANYONE WITH 'ER MYLADY.

NO, BUT MR. STEELMAN MUST BE SOMEWHERE VERY CLOSE.



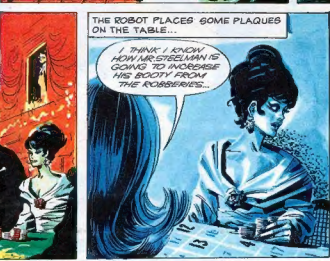
STEELMAN IS AT THE CASINO HE WATCHES HER LADYSHIP'S FORTUNES WITH INTEREST.

ENJOY YOURSELF, PENELOPE. YOU WON'T BE ALIVE VERY MUCH LONGER!



WELL, I'VE WON. AM I NOW?

QUITE SO, MYLADY. BUT MIGHT I DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THE YOUNG LADY WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED?



THE ROBOT PLACES SOME PLAQUES ON THE TABLE...

THINK I KNOW HOW MR. STEELMAN IS GOING TO INCREASE HIS ODDS FROM THE ROBBERS...



NINETEEN SELECTED. I HAVE TO ADD NINETEEN. THAT'S TWELVE AND ONE CENT.



AND AM I WINNING AGAIN?

THAT'S THE SIXTH TIME IN A ROW.



TWO HOURS LATER...

I AM SORRY. I HAVE TO CLOSE THE CASINO. THE BANK IS BROKEN. MADAME HAS WON ALL OUR MONEY!



CHARLES LEGRANE, THE OWNER OF THE CASINO, RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE.

AT LAST I HAVE SEEN IT. THE PERFECT SYSTEM. AND IT HAS RUNNED ME THERE IS ONLY ONE COURSE I CAN TAKE!